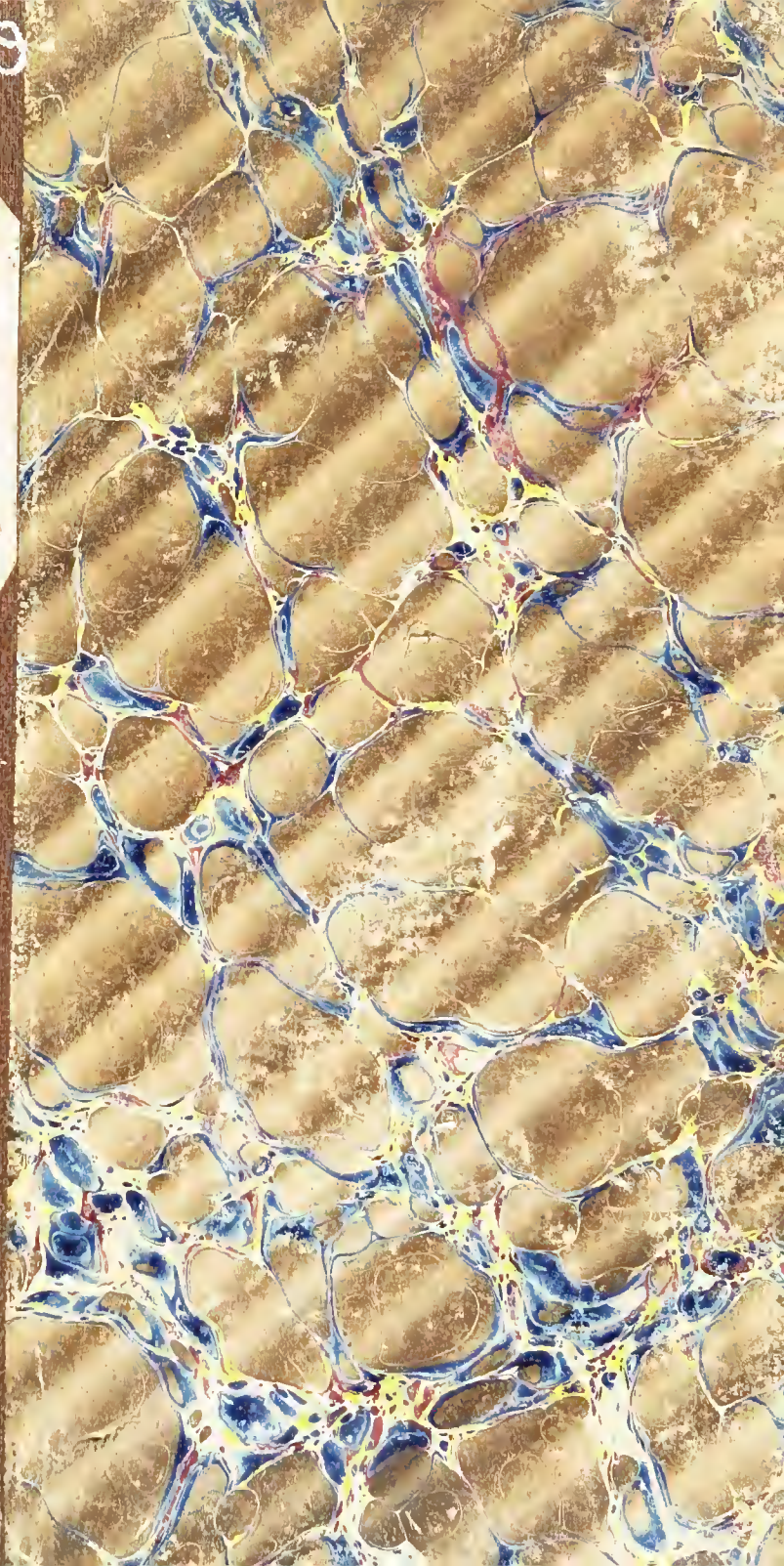
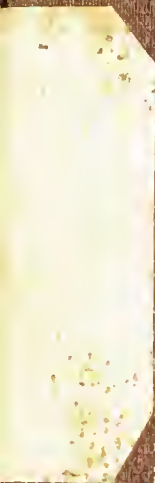
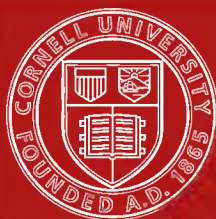


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EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

KEPT BY THE

HON. JONATHAN MASON

OF

A JOURNEY FROM BOSTON TO SAVANNAH

IN THE YEAR 1804.

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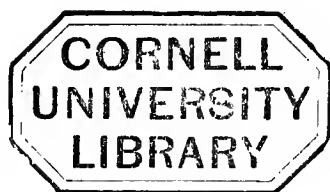
IN THE YEAR 1804.

[REPRINTED FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
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EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

JONATHAN MASON, the author of the diary, was the son of Jonathan Mason, a successful merchant, and of Miriam, daughter of Benjamin Clark, and was born in Boston Sept. 12, 1756. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at the College of New Jersey in Princeton, where he graduated in 1774. Before he had graduated he was entered as a student in the office of Josiah Quincy, Jr., and was recommended for admission as an attorney of the Superior Court in 1779.¹ He gained distinction at the bar, and was a very prominent Federalist, being a member of the Legislature and of the Governor's Council, and United States Senator from 1800 to 1803, when he declined re-election and was succeeded by John Quincy Adams. He was afterwards a member of Congress from 1817 to 1821. He married Susannah, daughter of William Powell, of Boston, and had a large family of children. He died in Boston, Nov. 1, 1831, aged seventy-five.

The journey of which the diary gives an account was made in Mr. Mason's own carriage, with four horses and two outriders. Mrs. Mason and his daughters Miriam and Anna (afterwards Mrs. David Sears and Mrs. Patrick Grant) accompanied him.

¹ The Record Book of the Suffolk Bar, learnedly edited by Mr. George Dexter, states, under date of July 26, 1774, that Mr. Quincy has liberty "to take into his office Mr. Joshua Thomas and Mr. Jonathan Mason as clerks; Mr. Mason's term to be computed from the time he shall come into Mr. Quincy's office, as he has not yet graduated at College." Where he studied after Mr. Quincy's death is not recorded, as there is a break between 1774 and 1779, but it is said to have been with John Adams. His recommendation for admission as an attorney, however, was on motion of Perez Morton, afterwards Attorney-General of Massachusetts. See Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings, vol. xix. pp. 152, 153. — Eps.

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1804. Left Boston at ten o'clock. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Dowse,¹ with my brother and sister Perkins,² and pleasantly. In the afternoon rode to Medfield and paid a visit to Mr. Prentiss.³ This good man we found fairly encircled with a wife and nine children, very happy and contented, with little more than enough to keep them either decent or in health. Perhaps there is no family in this country where the same number are more happy, where the means are so small. Returned, and after drinking coffee, am much pleased to find that the tears upon the cheeks of my children, occasioned by their departure from those they love, are fast giving way to smiles and merriment. We do not forget our friends, but our passions subside and excitement ceases. The weather delightful, and prospects flattering. Clarke's house [at Medfield] decent, — disposition good.

Wednesday, Nov. 7. Rode this day thirty-two miles, mostly on the turnpike, beginning about thirty miles from Boston. Pleasant day, no accident, merry without care, and safe arrived at Thompson [Connecticut] at a Mr. Manchester's, whose daughters are pretty and fine persons, wanting only tinsel, fashion, and perhaps less *nature*, to make them what Bostonians would esteem fine women. This country [is] abounding in pleasant prospects, sufficient to assure you that in midsummer, with the dress of Nature, it must be beautiful to the eye of the traveller.

Thursday, Nov. 8. Arrived, after a journey of thirty-two miles, at Coventry at the house of a Mr. Brigham. Literally in this tavern no ostentation, but everything the best of its kind, and aided by the landlady, who shows to you one of the best dispositions in the world. She fills your table with good things, and she does this quickly. She smiles upon you with an anxiety to make you comfortable and happy. She makes you happy. You meet with more than you expected, and your feelings are gratified, with your appetite also. The country in general hill and dale; fine tract of land, and great plenty discovered among all the farmers. Road good, but not so good as a turnpike ought to be.

Friday, Nov. 9. Unpleasant, and snow with hail and rain. Reached Hartford [at] one o'clock; arrived at Lee's tavern, and passed the day pleasantly with my family. Fair within, though foul and rainy abroad.

Saturday. Passed the turnpike to New Haven, thirty-four miles, one of the best and straightest in New England. It goes through a delightful country, and had the weather been pleasant, it would have

¹ At Bankside in Dedham, well known in recent years as the residence of the late Edmund Quincy, whose family inherited it from the Dowses. — Eds.

² Thomas Perkins, of Boston, had married a sister of Mrs. Mason.

³ The Rev. Thomas Prentiss, D.D. (H. C. 1766), minister of Medfield. He died in 1814. — Eds.

added greatly to the landscape; rode it in seven hours. Ten miles from New Haven stopped in the wood at the tavern. Poverty and difficulty, but peace, contentment, and affection in an extraordinary manner exhibited. Grandfather, grandmother, mother, and child by the name of Doolittle. I ought not to except from this group a black kitten, which the little child, seven months old, had been accustomed to pull, pinch, and squeeze until the animal had become sensible of it, and delighted in suffering it. Well persuaded I am that no man could use the same freedom with the same impunity, — but the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.

Tarried the Sunday at New Haven. In the morning visited the Episcopalian church and heard preach a Dr. Hubbard,¹ a murderer of sense and language. I pity his parish; they must have hearts prone to virtue, or I am sure he will never point the road or give peace to the doubtful breast. Our morning misfortune was compensated in the afternoon by a great deal of eloquence and devout learning from Dr. Dwight.² Much as I have heard of the sermonizing talent of this gentleman, it far surpassed my expectations. Methodical, eloquent, ingenious, forcible, and in language chaste, extremely energetic, he commands universal attention from his audience, and you cannot leave this church without retaining a great proportion of his sermon for meditation. Invited Jonathan Trumbull and William Smith of South Carolina³ to dine with me at Mr. Butler's, and the company of each of them was desirable from their polite and easy deportment. This day, fine weather and drying roads. Much prosperity appears throughout this town. It is said it increases. This may be in a degree, but I do not think equal to Hartford. I grow daily an enemy to all wooden houses, and excepting the colleges, one or two churches, and a single dwelling-house, the whole of this city is wooden.

Passed, on Monday, from New Haven to Stamford, forty-two miles; a good road and delightful country. Stratford, Fairfield, Newfield, and Norwalk, all of them pretty towns, contiguous to the Sound and enjoying the advantages of the ocean and the land; their soil too good to be neglected, the sea gives a stimulus to their industry and makes good sailors of their spare young men. The buildings in all these towns carry evident marks of property and wealth, and indicate much fashion and taste. Comfortably lodged at Mr. Davenport's at Stamford; and almost all the inns we have passed have obliged us to admire the im-

¹ The Rev. Bela Hubbard, D.D. (Y. C. 1758), Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven. For a more favorable account of him, see Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*, vol. v. p. 234. He died in 1812. — Eds.

² The well-known Dr. Timothy Dwight, at this time President of Yale College. — Eds.

³ These were probably students in Yale College. — Eds.

provement, the abundance, the cleanliness, and the civility of the country and the accommodations.

Tuesday, Nov. 13. Early in the morning arrived at Rye, where we learned that Gouverneur Morris¹ had left orders and directions for us to dine with him. We accordingly arrived at his château about three o'clock, and were ushered into a large company, two of which had been married but a few days, and this was a wedding dinner. Sixty and twenty-eight; a little disparity, but balanced by a good house and a plentiful fortune, — convenient things to a young lady at twenty-eight. We met also Mr. King,² and Mr. Samuel Ogden³ and his lady and daughter; also Mr. Hammond and lady and two sisters. We passed Tuesday and dinner on Wednesday with great sociability and mirth, added to splendor in the extreme. My friend is a real aristocrat, and he lives literally like a nobleman. You are continually attracted by a profusion of plate, gold, and mirror. He has all this world can give him but a good wife and amiable children; and with all his possessions he is to be added to the many proofs of the folly of those who leave themselves in the want of those good things in the latter part of life, when they are absolutely necessary to constitute our happiness. He also laments that he did not, twenty years since, unite his talents with some corresponding female mind to make each other happy.⁴

On Wednesday evening we arrived at New York, at Mrs. Avery's. Bad, cold, and snowy weather, which lasted for two days.

Thursday. Visited the panorama representing the battle of Alexandria and the death of Abercrombie. This may be well done, but to me it gave no pleasure. It must be either a more scientific or fashionable man to admire this painting, — it appears to me confusion without design, — and wholly to trace the actual position of the armies and comprehend their situation and manœuvres, also the face of the country; all which it is said to exhibit tolerably well.

Friday. Visited the Academy of Arts and their casts, with the Museum. These are good imitations, it is said, and they appear to show talent. Their originals must be wonderful specimens of ancient sculpture and of the progress of the arts. The Museum is not worth mentioning.

The progress of this city is, as usual, beyond all calculation, — seven hundred buildings erected the last twelve months; and Broadway, be-

¹ Gouverneur Morris (C. C. 1768), the distinguished Federalist statesman, lived at the Manor House of Morrisania, near Rye, New York. He had been in the Senate with Mr. Mason. He died in 1816. — Eds.

² Undoubtedly Rufus King, the celebrated Federalist leader. — Eds.

³ Brother-in-law of Mr. Morris. — Eds.

⁴ In 1809, at the age of fifty-seven, Mr. Morris married Anne Cary, daughter of Thomas Randolph, of Virginia. See Sparks's Life, vol. i. p. 494. — Eds.

yond all dispute, is the best street for length, width, position, and buildings in America. Foreigners say few in Europe exceed it. The people are rich, live well, and fashionable, by no means handsome, mostly of Dutch extraction. Their mode of business and their talents, by comparison with other cities, in my opinion, suffer. They have not so much information so generally diffused as the New England States have, and their present paucity of characters to fill their offices shows it. Mr. De Witt Clinton¹ is the head of the ruling party in this State, and this is proof enough to any person open to conviction.

Sunday. At Mrs. Avery's, opposite the Battery. Have been delighted with the display of vessels bound to sea as they have passed in succession. Six ships have been near the Battery at one and the same time, not one hundred yards from the window. They must all pass in review in order to fall down to the Hook.

Dined on Friday with Mr. King; Judge Benson,² Mrs. Low, and Mr. Murray, etc., present. We had here a great portion of society, — less etiquette, of course.

Monday. Dined with Mr. Mumford,³ Mr. S. Jones, Jr.,⁴ and Mr. Ledyard present; and in the evening attended the play. Mr. Cooper⁵ played "Macbeth," a *chef-d'œuvre*. His talents are really great in that line, but most miserably supported.

Tuesday. Dined at Mr. F. Winthrop's,⁶ a pleasant society and much conviviality. The evening we passed at Mr. Abraham Ogden's,⁷ with still more pleasure and less etiquette. Mrs. Ogden is a favorite in all countries; naturally amiable, and [with] great feminine beauty, unaffected. You here saw the mother at the head of the table, with six or eight children around; her heart literally overflowing with gratitude for

¹ De Witt Clinton, who had been for a short time in the Senate with Mr. Mason, was now mayor of the city of New York. Eight years later the Federalists supported him as candidate for President against Mr. Madison. — Eds.

² Egbert Benson (C. C. 1765), a leading Federalist. He was a Member of Congress, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, Chief Justice of the U. S. Circuit Court (created in 1801), and President of the New York Historical Society. He died in 1838. — Eds.

³ Probably Gurdon Saltonstall Mumford, Member of Congress from New York, 1805-1811. — Eds.

⁴ Samuel Jones (C. C. 1790), afterwards Chancellor of the State of New York and Chief Justice of the Superior Court of the city of New York. He died in 1853. — Eds.

⁵ Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, an English actor who had considerable reputation as a tragedian at the beginning of this century. He ultimately settled in this country. He died in 1849. See Clapp's Record of the Boston Stage, p. 61. — Eds.

⁶ Francis Bayard Winthrop, an elder brother of the Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop of Boston. — Eds.

⁷ Abraham Ogden (C. C. 1793), a merchant of New York, is probably the person referred to. — Eds.

these blessings at her period of life. A great deal of affection displayed in this circle. It convinces me that bachelors and old maids are sorry kind of animals. It is the mother of Mrs. Ogden's husband, and the attention they all paid to her convinced me that she was deserving of it.

Wednesday, Nov. 21. Dined with Mr. Rogers; ¹ Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull, ² Mrs. Robinson, and [a] number of gentlemen present; a very pleasant day. In the evening at the theatre; play, "Jane Shore,"—Lord Hastings, Cooper; Mrs. Melmoth, ³ Alicia; and Mrs. Johnston, Jane Shore. I see not many handsome ladies in this city, most of them comely; but the inhabitants generally cannot be said to be handsome. They live well and are hospitable. They are wealthy; they feel conscious of all their advantages, and they rate them full high. There are a great many young men in the city, but not disposed to matrimony.

Thursday, Nov. 22. Dined at Judge Benson's, and the evening at Mr. Oliver Kane's, with a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen, and among them Mr. Thomas Morris ⁴ and lady.

Friday, Nov. 23. Dined at Mr. King's; and the evening, the play, "Hamlet."

Saturday. At Governor [?] Crawford's; Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Pleased with him; she is much too indifferent to have admirers, upon whom she has no claims save those of wealth.

Sunday, 25th. Passed the evening with Mr. Mumford and his lady pleasantly.

Monday, 26th. Dined with J. R. Livingston; ⁵ prettily entertained. This day about eight hundred militia in uniform, in celebration of the evacuation of the city by the British troops. They made a soldier-like appearance, but I do not think equal to the volunteer companies of Boston, but superior to our militia. They are made up of the draymen and the mechanics in general. They were reviewed by the mayor of the city. I am more and more convinced that we live as comfortably, as conveniently, as generously, and as sumptuously as our neighbors, and we manage our commercial and fiscal operations as well.

I received a polite card from the Corporation to their public dinner on this day; but being engaged with my family, I declined it. The

¹ Mrs. Lamb, in her "History of New York" (vol. ii. p. 522), speaks of "the distinguished merchant brothers Fitch, Henry, Moses, and Nehemiah Rogers, three of whom founded three great mercantile houses in New York."—Eds.

² Probably John Trumbull, the painter, now residing in New York. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Mason's. See his Autobiography, p. 245.—Eds.

³ A celebrated actress in her day. She died in New York in 1823.—Eds.

⁴ Thomas Morris, Member of Congress from New York, 1801–1803.—Eds.

⁵ John R. Livingston, a brother of Chancellor Livingston.—Eds.

weather has been uncommonly fine, as mild as August, and the roads as good as in that month. One day may reverse this scene and all our comforts in travelling; but we set our faces against misfortune. Purchased a head of General Hamilton and sent it to Boston. Was fortunate enough to hear of the arrival of the "Pembroke" at New York, one hour previous to my departure.

Tuesday Evening. Wrote to T. Perkins, mentioning the head of Hamilton which I had sent, and the arrival of the "Pembroke," and put it in the Brunswick post-office.

Wednesday, 28th. Still finer day; rode this day forty miles to Trenton, through a pleasant, pretty country; fine orchards and good wheat in many places. Anna left at Brown's, Woodbridge, a pair of gold earrings.

Thursday. The weather still continues as good, and with ease we rode into Philadelphia by three o'clock. Stopped at Mrs. Lawson's, but could not be accommodated to my mind, and accordingly removed to Mrs. Jones's, between Seventh and Eighth Streets. The country round astonishingly improving, and a very fine turnpike, finished for thirteen miles and intended for Trenton.

Friday. Passed the evening at G[eorge] Harrison's; called at the Museum with my daughters, and passed the day generally in receiving visits and rambling [about] the city. Received letter from Mr. Perkins, and one from Susan and Jonathan.¹ Wrote to Ann Barry and Mr. Perkins.

Monday. Visited the Hospital and Philosophy Hall. Invited to tea by R. Peters² and lady, but engaged to dine by T. Willing³ and lady.

Tuesday. Passed the evening at Mr. Dallas's,⁴ — a Kent, so called. Mrs. Cadwallader, Miss Biddle, and Miss Bird, with a Mr. Miller, sang glees and catches and trios to admiration.

Wednesday. Dined with Mr. Dallas, and passed the evening at theatre.

The increase of this city is still astonishing. I am persuaded, though the citizens deny it, that they do not trade so much or so well as New York, and that their commercial capital is lessening; yet having been

¹ Jonathan Mason, Mr. Mason's younger son, and a well-known and much-respected citizen of Boston, died Feb. 21, 1884, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. — Eds.

² Richard Peters, the first Judge of the U. S. District Court for Pennsylvania. He died in 1828. — Eds.

³ Thomas Willing, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, and a prominent politician. He died in 1821, aged eighty-nine. — Eds.

⁴ Alexander James Dallas, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, and father of George Mifflin Dallas, Vice-President of the United States and Minister to Great Britain. He died in 1817. — Eds.

in the habit of building for several years past, the masons and carpenters and tradesmen from their past earnings are able and obliged to employ their journeymen and themselves in putting up houses for rent and sale. There is not a gentleman in the city that has built this year past, and yet whole squares have been covered during that time; five hundred houses the last year. The circle and the beauty of ladies of New York bear no comparison with this city. I am repeatedly reminded of this observation. The ladies here resemble their city; pretty, regular, and refined. Their beaux must be imported, for at this moment they are only as one to five in numbers, and [as] ordinary as they are scarce. I can say nothing in behalf of the young men who are growing up. Their scarcity gives them advantages which they do not improve. A stranger passing through does not hear of politics. The Federalists are beaten and out of date and conversation. There is a third party who are opposing Governor McKean,¹ and who will finally overthrow him. Next month the four Judges of the Supreme Court — men of respectability, integrity, and talent, gray in the service of their country — are to be tried upon an impeachment for having acted oppressively in punishing a Republican for contempt of court.² This State [is] under the control of ignorance and Jacobinism. If it changes, it must be for the better, and perhaps it may be the first to let a little blood.

Visited the gunboats which are building. What they are and what they are for, nobody seems to know. They apologize for that evident enmity which the Southern people possess to a navy. Their day must be short; and the growth of this country and its demands, in a very few years, will scout all such feeble puerile performances. A navy must grow out of our woods, and ride in our harbors, or our trade will not be protected and our country forever insulted. We are verging fast to that state of things when there must be a new mixture, and out of which will come new combination, perhaps energetic, stable, and with the properties of durability.

Thursday. Dined with Mr. G. Harrison, and passed the evening very pleasantly at the assembly. Again reminded, by the presence of many lovely women, of their superiority, in beauty, affability, and manners, to those of New York. A man would suppose that where so much worth was so visible, there would be more matrimony, but the reverse is true; and among many, one cause is the dress and extravagant ideas of the ladies themselves. The generality of young men of our country

¹ Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and Governor from 1799 to 1808; a warm supporter of Jefferson. He died in 1817, aged eighty-three. — Eds.

² They were tried before the Senate of Pennsylvania in January, 1805, and acquitted; the prosecution failing to secure the requisite two-thirds vote. — Eds.

are not able to support the rank and grade which the ladies assume, particularly in dress; and they are so easy of access, so naked in their charms, that they destroy and satiate desire where they would wish to enkindle it.

Friday. Dined with Mr. Breck,¹ and passed the evening there. A very large set of ladies and gentlemen in the evening, with good music.

Saturday. Dined with Mr. Richard Willing, and passed the evening at Mrs. Jackson's. The fine women of this city are, in the estimation of the young gentlemen, Miss Willcox, Miss Boardley, Miss Keene, Miss Stewart. There are innumerable pretty ones, but not all of them accomplished. To do common justice, there are many and more than enough to make society happy and sought after, — many more than in any city in America.

Sunday. Dined with Mr. Thomas Butler, and passed the evening with Mrs. Edwards and Miss Clarkson; prettily entertained at both these places. Their tea-parties abound with ladies and good music, duets and trios, with young gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Miller two of the finest singers I have for a long time heard, perhaps not equalled since the days of Captain Phillips. This evening also much gratified with the society of Mrs. Izard, or the Widow Shippen, whose prophecy and dream that in the course of her life she should have eighteen feet of husband has come to pass, her third and present husband making, with the two preceding ones, eighteen [feet] three inches.

Monday. Disappointed of all invitation (having refused several) in expectation of attending a splendid party (dance) at the Marquis Casa Yrujo's,² to which we had been early invited. The ambassador himself waited upon us; but the lady (Miss Sally McKean that was) expected the first compliment of [a] call from Mrs. Mason, to which I could not consent, — in my estimation it being etiquette false, foolish, and assumed. We accordingly gave up her party and attended the theatre.

Tuesday. Dined with Mr. Paul Siemen, a bachelor, who gave a splendid entertainment to a party of ladies and gentlemen in compliment to Mrs. M——. We passed the beginning [of] the evening with our friend Harrison, and after supper went to a private dance given by the Miss Gratzes, three pretty and accomplished Jewesses.

On Wednesday morning, in a snow-storm not troublesome, we left

¹ Samuel Breck, formerly of Boston, who survived till 1862, when he died at the age of ninety-one. His *Reminiscences*, edited by Mr. H. E. Scudder, were published in 1877. — Eds.

² The Marquis D'Yrujo, Spanish Minister to the United States, married a daughter of Governor McKean of Pennsylvania. Their son the Duke of Sotomayer became prime minister of Spain. — Eds.

the city of Philadelphia, in company with Mr. Goldsborough¹ and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Steel, and their two daughters. These two families, polite and agreeable, had been our companions at Mrs. Jones's from our first entrance to the city. We lodged together at Christiana, and on Thursday morning separated with great reluctance, — they for the town of Cambridge, in Dorset [Dorchester] County, on the Choptank River, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and we for Baltimore. They had uniformly been very assiduous and equally successful in pleasing me and mine; and their invitations to see them on our return were pressing and, I believe, sincere. I am at present much prejudiced in their favor, and have much desired to see them and their Eastern Shore.

We jogged on to Baltimore, cold but without accident. At Havre de Grace we feasted upon the canvas-back in perfection. We were agreeably surprised here by the arrival of our friend Mr. William Crafts² in the stage, with letters from our friends from Boston. They were all well. But there is no pleasure without its alloy; he brought to us the afflicting intelligence of the death of Bishop Parker.³ Alas, poor man! his honors were yet green upon him; elected to that honor only four months since, he has been summoned to another tribunal, leaving behind him a widow and thirteen children. He may be said literally to have left nothing of this world's goods behind him but his sermons and his cassock. He who feeds the ravens will be a father to this widow and her orphan children.

On Friday we arrived at Baltimore without anything interesting in country, prospect, or occurrence worthy recording. The country to the very suburbs is the poorest I ever saw in my life, not habitable and not inhabited excepting by those who cannot live anywhere else. Supped with our friend Crafts, who has engaged to provide us lodgings at Charleston.

Friday. This evening still continues snowing, and induces us to acknowledge and repeat our great good fortune in arriving at this moment, when the roads have been so excellent. . . .

Saturday. Extremely stormy and tempestuous the whole day, but on Sunday an entire change of weather. The morning opened with an unclouded sky and a bright sun, — cold and clear, promising better weather and the continuance of good roads. Dined this day with

¹ Charles W. Goldsborough was Member of Congress, 1805-1817, and Governor of Maryland, 1818-1819. This may have been he. — Eds.

² William Crafts (H. C. 1805), afterwards a distinguished member of the Charleston Bar. He died in 1826. — Eds.

³ Dr. Samuel Parker, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and the second bishop of Massachusetts, died Dec. 6, 1804, having only been consecrated on the 14th of the previous September. — Eds.

Luther Martin, Esq.,¹ and passed an hour in the evening with my good friend Bishop Carroll.²

Monday. Paid to Bishop Carroll three hundred and fifty dollars, moneys received for him from the Rev. Mr. Chevreuse [Cheverus] at Boston. . . .

Tuesday. Dined with Colonel Howard.³

Wednesday. Dined with Mr. Cook, and passed the evening with Mr. Sherlock.

Thursday. Breakfasted with Colonel Rogers,⁴ dined with Mr. [Robert] Gilmor, and passed the evening with Mrs. S. Smith.⁵

Friday. Dined with Mr. Thompson, and by desire passed the evening there also.

In the course of this week we have received the attentions of almost the whole city, and also marks of great hospitality. This place is growing in extent, in wealth, and in luxury. They live in splendor, though their houses from bad management are cold and uncomfortable. Like to New Yorkers and the Philadelphians, [and] perhaps the Bostonians, they are well pleased with themselves, their city, and its prospects. Nothing can be equal to it; and they suffer you, with great *sang-froid*, to tell them so. They swallow flattery as they do their food, — with a good appetite. They are not so refined in their manners as the Philadelphians, more so than the New Yorkers. They have many handsome women, enough for any man of reflection to lament the scarcity of young men to match with them; it appears as though three fourths must be maids, and old ones. They appear to be of all nations, kindred, and tongues. They are well-bred, hospitable, and social. Their city will be handsome, but their country round barren and unpleasant. One side, however, which is filled and diversified with country-seats, is an exception. Hill and dale and prospect, and ground made fruitful by great expense, with woods, make this extremely pretty. Colonel Rogers's situation, in particular, is beautiful, and great taste displayed both in the building and the grounds. . . .

Very much like Boston, the city, as a city, has not much to amuse a

¹ The celebrated lawyer and Democratic politician. He died in 1826. — Eds.

² Dr. John Carroll, the first Roman Catholic bishop in the United States, consecrated at Lulworth Castle in England in 1790. He died in 1815. For an account of Mr. Chevreuse, or Cheverus, afterwards a Cardinal, see *Memorial History of Boston*, vol. iii. p. 516. — Eds.

³ Colonel John Eager Howard, a Revolutionary soldier and distinguished Federalist, had been in the Senate with Mr. Mason. He died in 1827. — Eds.

⁴ Colonel Nicholas Rogers, died in 1822. His beautiful estate near Baltimore, referred to farther on, was purchased from his son Lloyd Nicholas Rogers, in 1860, for a public park, now known as Druid Hill Park. — Eds.

⁵ General Samuel Smith was United States Senator from Maryland from 1803 to 1815. — Eds.

traveller. The library and assembly-room is [are] resorted to as clever in their kind. Unquestionably, however, their dispositions and their opportunity to gratify their disposition will, in time, enlarge and ornament their city with public buildings that shall have style, grandeur, and expense to recommend them.

We left Baltimore on Saturday, the 22d of December, and as fine a day as could be chosen to travel in. We rode with great ease to Annapolis, thirty-three miles before sunset, much pleased with the prospect, which small hill and dale covered with firs and pines will most commonly produce. Now and then pleasant openings, and always good road. We arrived at Caton's Tavern, and our first impressions were received from what we here experienced, — the remains of ancient prosperity. Baltimore has, by its trade and commercial advantages, totally destroyed this place; and nothing but the seat of government and six or seven ancient independent families keep it from being wholly deserted. Such also was the tavern, — a large house, indicative of former times, large glass (all of them patched and broken), creaking windows, and broken-panelled doors; innumerable servants, and yet no attendance, filthy and ragged. And such also was the general appearance of every building in this place, — no fences, decayed courtyards, hogs in their gardens, and universal *finale*. The place is upon the Chesapeake, beautifully situated, and in summer and spring the climate fine. They have a handsome State-House, costly, but not agreeable to rule or proportion. They have also a college,¹ dwindled into a bad grammar-school. I saw at their church [St. Anne's] on Sunday, a fine day, just twenty-two persons and a parson.

On Sunday, 23d, we dined with Mr. Charles Carroll² and his family, consisting of Mr. Caton and lady and four daughters, Mr. Harper³ and lady, a Mr. Lloyd,⁴ Mr. Low, and the celebrated Miss Wheeler of Norfolk. We were received and entertained with great hospitality and splendor, and the day in every respect exceeded our expectations. Mrs. Caton and Mrs. Harper both treated us with the lady-like, polite deportment, and we are equally indebted to Mr. Harper for his attentions. Miss Wheeler is accomplished and informed, mistress of two or three languages, musician, and with much acquirement; but she is

¹ St. John's College. — EDS.

² Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Three of his granddaughters, the daughters of the Mr. Richard Caton here mentioned, married English peers, — the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Stafford, and the Duke of Leeds. — EDS.

³ Robert Goodloe Harper (Coll. N. J. 1785), the distinguished Maryland lawyer and statesman, married a daughter of Mr. Carroll. He died in 1825. — EDS.

⁴ The Lloyds have long been one of the wealthiest and most influential families on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. James Lloyd was United States Senator from 1797 to 1800, and Edward Lloyd from 1819 to 1826. — EDS.

learned and stiff in her manner, and not so handsome as expectation had portrayed her. She is precise, and verging towards thirty. She is an accomplished girl, but not a lovely one. She courts your attentions; and to please, you must admire, and say so.

Sunday Evening. Snowed considerably, but not so bad as to prevent our leaving Annapolis on Monday morning and arriving late in the evening, through a tedious road and barren country, at Washington at the house of my old friend Mr. James Barry, where we were welcomed by Mr., Mrs., and Anna and Mary Barry.

On Tuesday morning [Christmas day] I waited upon the President and Vice-President¹ to escape censure, and attended afterwards at the Catholic Church at Georgetown. We passed a week at this hospitable mansion, witnessing daily the most marked and flattering tokens of their hospitality and friendship. They were unremitted in their desires to prolong our stay and to make it agreeable.

On Wednesday evening, January 2 [1805], we passed the evening with Mrs. Peters, and once again realized her friendly professions. Mrs. Peters is really a fine woman. We here also saw a sister of Ann Stewart's by the name of Ariadne Stewart, — *pas grand' chose*. January 1, New Year's day, a large fall of snow, and for three or four days after as extreme cold as I ever felt it in Boston. Every river near and round this country was frozen sufficiently for carriages to pass and repass; and for three nights successively water has frozen in our rooms, though a fire has been in the same chamber.

Thursday, Jan. 3. Crossed the ferry at Georgetown, taking with us my friend Ann Barry; and such was the extreme severity of the weather that we were obliged to lay by at Alexandria the succeeding day. Visited Mrs. Deblois's in the evening, agreeable to invitation, and politely received among the beaux and belles of Alexandria. We had intended to have visited Mount Vernon and Mr. Lewis's; but so deep was the snow and ice that we concluded it would be best to proceed on, and accordingly, on Saturday, January 5, we parted with Ann with tears and regret, and made our first stage at Colchester. We lodged at Dumfries, a small village, but nothing worthy of remark.

This day, Sunday, we have passed on, and are now at Fredericksburg in a dirty inn by the name of Estis, — at the Columbian Inn. The house is full of slaves, and nobody is served or attended to. The country hitherto gives no entertainment to the travel; without soil, without houses, you see nothing but hills, barren, interspersed with pines, a few negro huts, and a solitary road through a country without fences and without cultivation. At Washington we obtained of Stewart [Stuart], the celebrated painter, a promise to paint two of my girls; and with

¹ Jefferson was now President, and Aaron Burr Vice-President. — Eds.

the intercession of Joseph Russell and Dr. Eustis,¹ he finished the heads of Anna and Miriam, and flattered them with perfect likenesses.² Washington City is as it has been ; it does not improve, and is filled with dissensions. It is hated as a rival by Georgetown and Alexandria, who with equal cordiality hate each other. Every mean, base passion is displayed in the conduct of these different parts of the same district to each other, in their government and their matters of police, insomuch it would puzzle wiser heads than Congress to legislate for them with wisdom. It will end in secession or a legislature for Columbia. Poor Judge Chase was on the anvil. He made his appearance at the bar of the Senate without a chair or a table. He was obliged to ask for both ; he asked also for time until the first day of the next session, and they have assigned the 4th of February next to immolate him. Unfortunately for this man, his manner is arbitrary and ungracious ; he always wanted the *suaviter*, and he has no friends but those who are friends to his cause. The man is not beloved ; and he will fall without tears, though not without remark.³

Monday, Jan. 7, 1805. After leaving Fredericksburg, situated as it is beautifully upon the Rappahannock, which you pass by means of a bridge from Falmouth, we proceeded early in the morning for the Bowling Green, and from thence, the remainder of the day, to T. Sutton's, in Caroline County, thirty-four miles through a fine country,—very fine roads, sandy, and without the hills between Dumfries and Fredericksburg. We have scarcely ascended a hill to-day. The country very well cultivated, and many very large plantations. The holly and the pride of India very plenty, growing in the open air. On a plantation, a few days since, some of the negroes refused the orders of the overseer ; and he shot one, wounded another, and a third drowned himself,—the blessed effects of slavery.

Tuesday, Jan. 8. Proceeded on in the morning, and reached Richmond in the afternoon. We searched in vain for three hours for a place to sit down in. Though four taverns in the town, they are all crowded and full, and we finally were obliged to put up in a private house for the night, and sleep on the floor. This was occasioned by the session of

¹ William Eustis, at this time a Member of Congress, afterwards Secretary of War, and one of the few Democratic Governors of Massachusetts. He died while holding that office, in 1825. — EDS.

² These portraits are now in the possession, respectively, of Mr. Grant and of Mrs. William Amory. From a memorandum in the diary it appears that Mr. Mason paid two hundred dollars for the two. — EDS.

³ Samuel Chase of Maryland, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1796 till his death in 1811, had been impeached by the Democratic House of Representatives for alleged misconduct on the bench. His manners were especially complained of. He was acquitted ; a majority of the Senators, but not the requisite two-thirds, voting for conviction. — EDS.

the legislature, and the meeting of the stockholders of the Virginia Bank, from all parts of Virginia. With nothing to do at home, they flock to Richmond in search of news and variety.

Wednesday, Jan. 9. Were admitted by special favor into the Eagle Tavern, and in the evening were introduced to a public ball, given by the members of the Legislature to the ladies of Richmond, by his Excellency Governor Page¹ and his lady, having previously taken tea at Mrs. McKenzie's.

Friday. Dined with Mr. Giliat, and were prettily entertained. On Thursday it rained excessively the whole day, and confined us to the house.

Saturday. Dined with Mr. Gallego, and in the evening at Governor Page's.

Sunday, 13th. Dined with Mr. Giliat. Saturday we passed over the basin of the canal to view the water descending in torrents over the falls of the river. This town is most beautifully situated, very much resembling that of Boston,—much the finest site in Virginia. The State House is handsome,—a model, though imperfect, of the Temple of Minerva. They have a large building, ornamental and of stone, as a public warehouse for the reception of tobacco, a penitentiary of still larger size, and a public armory. The canal is the great friend and promoter of this place. It brings by the falls all the produce of the upper country, and with little more expense will carry it by locks down to the heavy vessels at tide-water. Some of the society in Richmond is really good; the ladies well bred and well educated. There is much hospitality; but in manners the gentlemen are far, very far, behind the ladies. From the use of coal and the tribes of negroes their labor is badly managed, and their city wears the appearance of filth and dirt. The coarse, affected Republican manners, which set at defiance education and decency, seem to be overspreading the country. Is it prejudice, or are not the Northern States one hundred years in advance of this country in convenience of living, in civility of manner, and in the art of passing life with happiness, equality, and affection? Their houses in general are badly constructed for winter, and badly provided. You are oftentimes frozen in a warm climate, and every winter colder in Richmond than in Quebec. The slaves of this country are its curse; their nature, their manners, their disposition, and even their color operate upon society wherever they abound. The citizens live in fear, and [to] avert the evil, to lessen the danger, and to thin their population, employs the time and expense of the Government annually. Commerce is fast increasing, and the profits of their trade will soon show themselves in an extension of their city and in fine houses. James River is a source of wealth, and

¹ John Page, Governor of Virginia, 1802–1805. He died in 1808, aged sixty-five. — Eds.

requires only industry and the use of it to give to every adventurer wealth. But their government is purely democratic; talent and even principle seem to have retired. Ignorance, prejudice, jealousy, and every envious passion are making their appearance in their slow but sure operations, and the result is known only above. The poor Federalist is poor indeed; his voice is no more heard, and he lives only at the mercy of his enemies. Still power and influence is in motion. The first Republicans are fast moving from their seats to give place to those more violent, and will suffer perhaps more conspicuously than those now deemed Federalists until government becomes anarchy, and anarchy from necessity becomes again a government. I think this State, in this revolutionary circle, is equally forward with any State in the Union.

Monday, 14th. Dined with Colonel Gamble; Tuesday, 15th, with Mr. Wickham;¹ Wednesday, 16th, with William McKenzie.

Wednesday Morning. Visited the Armory, a large elegant brick building for the manufacture of arms; and it was in excellent order, — great specimen of skill and industry. It employs about one hundred men, who work by the musket, and is carried on by water from the canal. It is oftentimes astonishing to the traveller to see at once the aggregate of many years' invention and of different men, witnessed in this very manufactory, and also in a flour-mill, belonging to a Mr. Rutherford, which we also passed through and viewed. The wheat is received into a large funnel from the wagon, where it is weighed; from thence, by water, it is carried backwards and forwards up to the garret and back again into all parts of the building, in every kind of shape, heated and cooled until it is completely changed into flour, and ready for the barrel, and it is there packed by the same power. Their Penitentiary is another very beautiful public building, planned by Mr. Latrobe; and it is now full, with probability of increase. They have also handsome stone buildings, owned by the State, for the reception of tobacco. The penitentiary and its principle is [are] not popular, and I think [they] will be abolished in June. Their canal is profitable, and will finally be locked to the Rockets, so called, — the tide-water.

Thursday, Jan. 17. Left this very hospitable town for Petersburg, and with a beautiful day, extremely mild, we arrived at Petersburg about six o'clock. Wretched roads, and through a miserable country. Petersburg is situated upon the Appomattox River, and pleasantly, though not equal to Richmond. The village is flourishing, though principally wood. It is checked in its growth, owing to its being under the control of a single individual by the name of Bowling, who owns the fee of the whole town and as far on all sides as the eye can reach.

¹ John Wickham, a distinguished lawyer of Richmond, who afterwards rose to the leadership of the Virginia Bar. Harvard College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1825. He died in 1839. — Eds.

He rents a vast number of houses and lots; the remaining land upon ground rents. The trade is increasing, and they have a branch bank of the mother State bank at [of] Virginia. Very much indebted we were [at Richmond] to the families of Gallego, Scot, and Giliat, and Mr. McKenzie. They gave us their society the whole week, and filled us with good things at our departure.

Friday, Jan. 18. Extreme bad weather, and Mrs. Mason being indisposed we rested, and the next morning, it having cleared away and frozen the whole country by its severity, we began our motions, and lodged at the house of a Mr. Stark, a man who had seen much better days. Both he and his wife mingled with their present occupation much civility and dignity of manners, in no way restrained or distant, but familiar, properly so, and hospitable. We were comfortable and refreshed, and about nine on Sunday left it for the next stage, which was Ruffin's; and without any disparagement to the last, I could say that both man and wife were really well bred and elegant in their manners. We had every little rarity, such as pies, quinces, etc., and in half an hour left them, with sincere regret that it was not consistent with our plans to stay longer. We lodge this evening, Sunday, the 20th, at Drummond's; a good house and a rich man, — one who has taken up this mode of life as appurtenant to other views. He also owns the line of stages to Raleigh; he has one or two other plantations, and is a wealthy planter. He reminds me of Holmes at the Bowling Green; he wants his country travelled through, and he is ambitious of its good name. From Petersburg here, nothing can be said in favor [of] the soil, the prospect, or the roads; they are all execrable.

Wednesday, 23d. Now at Raleigh, one hundred and fifty miles distant from Petersburg; and for three days past experienced as cold weather as I ever did at Boston. At Warrenton the water in every bowl and basin in the house, in rooms with large fires, froze solid during the night. The oldest inhabitants never experienced a colder night. The roads as bad as possible, and their houses literally comfortless, from the slight manner they are built, and the scandalous inattention to their windows, which in every instance have more or less panes of glass out. The country on the road affords nothing at which the traveller can either amuse or inform himself with. One continued wood of pines and oaks, with here and there a spot miserably cultivated, and a few log houses of the very worst structure. They live miserably, and where you meet a collection of houses, say ten or twelve wretched hovels, you are sure to meet a gambling-tavern, and a parcel of idle vagabonds. Louisburg,¹ at Greenhill's, is a striking proof. Warrenton is an exception; though small, it is flourishing, and there were many gentlemen who carried the marks of civility and politeness.

¹ In North Carolina. — Eds.

The line between North Carolina and Virginia seems [to be] about two miles on the eastern side of Eaton's Ferry upon the Roanoke. Raleigh is a miserable place, nothing but a few wooden buildings and a brick Court House, built for the accommodation of the Government, who hold their sessions here.

From Raleigh we proceeded in the morning, and rode thirty-nine miles to Mrs. Smith's, having passed a ferry at Cape Fear River, three miles before we reached Mrs. Smith's. This river, five days before we passed it, by the great rains and snow had risen and fallen twenty-five feet in thirty-six hours. On our road through the woods we were put into spirits and delighted with the sight of a flock of deer passing the road about one hundred yards in front of us. In general, no country in the world ever afforded so small an opportunity for information or amusement as this [does] from Richmond or Petersburg to this place, and I am told [it is] more ordinary still until we arrive at Georgetown.

Friday, 25th. We set out in a thunder-storm for Fayetteville, and rode for four hours in the most severe showers and heaviest thunder I ever heard at this season. . . . We reached Fayetteville by one o'clock. I was waited upon by Mr. W. Barry Grove¹ and his sister; his lady being nearly being confined. He invited us to dinner on the morrow, which was accepted. The less I say of Fayetteville the better. It is, however, rather superior to Raleigh. It is a small wooden settlement within three quarters of a mile of Cape Fear River, navigable for small boats; and *small* boats will answer for the produce of this market.

The only valuable thing I have seen in this [region] is the lightwood, which is the pitch pine after the turpentine has been extracted. They use it for the purpose of lighting their fires. It blazes *instantly*, like a candle, and until the wood is perfectly consumed. They burn all their wood in a green state; and this is absolutely necessary, and at the same time completely answers the purpose.

They marry astonishingly early, the females oftentimes at fourteen years. The landlady of the house I now occupy, Mrs. Pitman, told me herself that she married at twelve years and two months old. She had a child, which she showed me, before she was fourteen; her husband died, and she was married to her present husband before fifteen. She is now in her twenty-fifth year, with a boy eleven years of age, and three other children. She looks like an old woman. .

We dined on Saturday with Mr. Grove; was entertained with great hospitality and politeness, and was invited to dine this day (Sunday) with J[ohn] Hay, Esq., a celebrated lawyer, but the inclemency of the storm which still rages, from Friday last, prevented my acceptance of this invitation.

¹ William Barry Grove, Member of Congress from North Carolina, from 1791 to 1803. — Eds.

Monday, Jan. 28. We left Fayetteville, and arrived on the 1st of February at Georgetown,¹ distant one hundred and thirty miles, through a country a dead flat, presenting without the least variety one uniform appearance of pine barren. Pine upon pine, saving only a straight solitary road as far as the eye can reach; with miserable huts of houses and still more miserable owners scattered about one in ten or twelve miles. The astonishment excited is, how these shiftless beings pass through life. They are all surrounded with a set of negroes, naked, and more miserable and helpless than themselves,—rags that the meanest beggar would not pick out of the streets they are clad in. They do not even regard modesty in either sex, and oftentimes you see them totally deprived of clothes. The weather was remarkable, equal to the April and May months in New England. The woods full of ever-greens; and we had no occasion for muffs or outside clothes during the five days of our journey. At Georgetown we saw green peas growing in Mr. Trapier's ground, and so high as to be stuck with fagots to support them; also large myrtles. The difficulties of food are great; we oftentimes had little or nothing to eat, and fortunate for us the weather was good, for we never laid down to rest in any room where we could not see the sky through a thousand cracks; and in all cases the window glass is broken almost every pane. All this, however, is still of no consequence compared to some difficulties in the road, such as swamps, creeks, and lowlands, covered with water, and the road made by rails and posts, and not half made. We passed through Ashpole Swamp with the waters up to the belly of the horses for an half of a mile, so high that the pole bridges themselves were under the water. This swamp is situated about eight miles beyond Widow Rowland's, and two miles beyond the line of North Carolina. The most dangerous place was on the north side of the Great Pedee, where for a mile we passed through a swamp, travelling through the water, which in many cases went to the backs of our horses, where they would frequently attempt to swim, and the water all the time flowing in the bottom of our carriage. In the midst of this difficulty we were called to encounter a bridge, one half of which was carried away. We were obliged to stop, take out horses, get out ourselves, and push the horses off of the bridge, and our servants upon planks push forward the carriage; then retackle, and get in upon planks, while the water was even with the carriage. Indeed, the dangerous part of this terrible swamp cannot be imagined equal to its reality. I wonder myself how we possibly could finally succeed; but we passed, with the help of a guide, without injury either to ourselves or horses. Lynch's Creek, situated five miles from Port's, was equally bad, though not so long; and the waters, happily for us, were

¹ In South Carolina. — Eds.

so high that they made what they term a long ferry, — that is, the boat came over the creek and came up to the commencement of the water.

Having no fodder for my horses in Georgetown, I determined to leave it, and in the morning set off immediately for Charleston. In the moment of leaving the city, the Miss Hegers waited upon my family and invited them to pass the day; but we were on the move and declined the invitation. Georgetown is prettily situated upon a river that goes to the ocean. It admits of brigs, ships, etc., to the town. The seats around are pleasantly situated, particularly Mr. Trapier's. I passed through it hastily without delivering my letters, but not so soon as to avoid my showing to my girls some beautiful myrtle and oleander trees in the highest perfection and as large as the apple-tree. Orange-trees, also, with oranges upon them, but pinched in some degree by the excessive cold weather.

At the distance of six miles from Georgetown we were met by my friend Rutledge,¹ and by him, the same evening, carried to Madam Horry's, on the south side of South Santee, at Hampton. We passed the next day, the 3d, at this hospitable mansion. The weather excessively cold, and freezing the water in all the basins and tumblers in the house. This situation is most delightfully variegated by the shape of the grounds and the fine live-oak trees in great abundance, size, and magnificence. It gives you the idea of the cultivated English taste; the seat of wealth, splendor, and aristocracy. The rice fields on the side and in the rear form an extensive flat as far as the eye can reach, and everything you meet upon this plantation carries with it the appearance of a community. You see blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, shoemakers, and everything made and manufactured within themselves. Of four or five hundred negroes, one fifth have trades and follow them. It is a perfect society, of which the owner is absolute lord and master; and such are all the considerable plantations in this country, the incomes of many of whom are one hundred thousand dollars annually; some are known to make upwards of three thousand barrels of rice. Within their houses you meet great hospitality, the polish of society, and every charm of social life; an abundance of food, convenience and luxury. It is impossible but that human nature in such a situation, doing justice to those under him, must feel himself lord of this earth. The mills for cleaning, grinding the rice, and packing of it, upon many of the plantations cost from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and are equal to the improvements of the flour-mills in the Middle States. They have complete command of water to overflow and drain their fields at their leisure.

¹ John Rutledge, son of Chief Justice Rutledge, and Member of Congress from South Carolina from 1797 to 1803. He died in 1819, aged fifty-three. — Eds.

February 4. We passed this day at a place seven miles lower down the Santee, called Eldorado, the seat of Mrs. Mott, the mother-in-law of Major Thomas Pinckney,¹ and at his request; here we saw the same abundance, the same affluence, and a plantation equal in its size. In digging a ditch we saw one hundred and eighty negroes at work, men and women. They were well clothed, appeared healthy and happy; and I am well convinced, where they are well treated, they live ten times happier than any of their color in their own country. Much depends upon the owner; if they are miserly, parsimonious, or bad-tempered in grain, woe betide the slave!

We were extremely happy at both of these plantations, and certainly met with great hospitality and true politeness. We returned to Madam Horry's on the 5th, and on the 6th set out for Charleston; the road uncommonly fine. We arrived at the ferry about dusk; but so bad was the weather that we could not finish our journey until the 7th, when we arrived in Charleston about eleven o'clock, in good health and good spirits.

Saturday. Passed the evening with Mr. Ford.²

Sunday. With Miss Ladsons.

Monday, Feb. 11. Wrote to Dr. Warren.³ Passed the evening with Mr. Desaussure.⁴

Tuesday. With Mr. Desaussure at a picnic, so called. The gentlemen of the town resort to the concert-room, where they dance, play cards, and sup. Their supper is made up of a collection from each other, to which they contribute by each one carrying a dish and a bottle of wine and loaf of bread. We passed a pleasant evening; but the institution has its inconveniences. It is not guarded sufficiently against the admission of improper company; and oftentimes the supper presents a very curious collection, such as eight or ten turkeys, a majority of pies, or some very curious specimen of cookery, — there being no previous understanding among the concerns as to the dishes carried.

Wednesday. Rained all day. Spent this day at the Supreme Court in attending to a cause in which a Mr. Ingraham was concerned, formerly a Bostonian. The talents of the bar were displayed upon this occasion, and Mr. [John Julius] Pringle, Mr. Desaussure, Mr. K[eating

¹ Thomas Pinckney, younger brother of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and, like him, educated in England. He was a Major in the Revolutionary Army, Governor of South Carolina in 1787-1789, and Member of Congress from 1799 to 1801. He died in 1828, aged seventy-eight. — Eds.

² Timothy Ford (Coll. N. J. 1783), a prominent member of the Charleston Bar and partner of Mr. Desaussure. He died in 1831. — Eds.

³ Dr. John Collins Warren, of Boston, son-in-law of Mr. Mason. He died in 1856. — Eds.

⁴ Henry William Desaussure, afterwards Chancellor of the State. He died in 1839. — Eds.

Lewis] Simons, Mr. [Thomas] Parker, and Mr. J[ohn] Ward acquitted themselves with great reputation.¹

Thursday. Visited a vessel at Geyer's Wharf, on board of which were about two hundred Africans, the remnant of a cargo arrived a few weeks since. They appeared healthy, unconcerned, and without intellect or sensibility. It wrung me to the soul to reflect upon the future destinies of the several individuals, and the poor miserable prospects they had presented to them. For what came they into life? They appeared totally insensible to the least regard or concern for each other, upon being sold and leaving the vessel. I saw no one that took the least notice of those he left behind. I saw many of them leave the vessel to return no more, and probably never see the face of one of their fellow-passengers; this without the least emotion on either side. I saw no difference (except in form) between them and an equal number of brutes.

Dined this day with Mr. Frederick Rutledge,² and passed the evening at a subscription concert, and ball afterwards. A handsome display of ninety and upwards of ladies, many of them [with] strong pretensions to beauty, and all of them handsome in appearance and agreeable and refined in manners. The music excellent, and everything conducted with much propriety.

Friday. Dined with Mr. Hugh Rutledge,³ the Judge in Chancery; and the evening passed with Mrs. and Miss McPherson, at a musical party.

Saturday. Clear and cold; frost, and no fire, which is bad; and an open house, which is worse. The evening with Mr. Cripps and family; an elegant ball and supper.

Monday, 18th. Visited the Orphan House; passed the evening at the play.

Tuesday. Dined with Colonel Morris; passed evening with Major Ladson.

Wednesday. Races; and dined with Jockey Club. Evening at Mr. Desaussure's. Invited to pass the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wragg; also some Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell; declined, pre-engagement.

Thursday. General McPherson's, dined; evening at the play.

Saturday, 23d. Dined with General Pinckney.⁴ Evening with Mrs. Middleton.⁵

Friday. John Rutledge's, dined; evening, race ball. . . .

¹ An interesting account of the Charleston Bar is given by Mr. Charles Fraser in his *Reminiscences of Charleston*, pp. 69, 73. — Eds.

² Son of Chief Justice Rutledge and son-in-law of Madam Horry. — Eds.

³ Brother of Chief Justice Rutledge. — Eds.

⁴ Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, the celebrated Federalist. — Eds.

⁵ Probably the widow of the Hon. Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of

Sunday. Invited to dine with T[homas] Pinckney, Jr.; refused, engaged. . . .

Tuesday. Dined with Mr. Price, and evening at concert for relief of St. Domingo inhabitants. Waltz.

Wednesday. Dined with Governor Hamilton.¹ In the day a review of General Read's brigade, and in the evening a ball at Mrs. McPherson's. Invited to dine on Thursday next at Mr. Joseph Manigold's [Manigault], but engaged.

Thursday, 28th. Dined with J[ohn] B[ee] Holmes, Esq.

Friday, March 1. Communicated to my family the distressful tidings of the death of Mrs. Perkins's child, and the illness of my respected father-in-law. Here is the end of their society in this place. In payment for past happiness they are now loaded with sorrow and affliction, and are to put on the sable garment of grief; and as though to be deprived of a parent at this distance from him, and in this unexpected moment, were not enough to fill up their cup of woe, they are agonized and wounded, sorely wounded, with the tidings of the death of the only beloved child of their aunt and her sister Anna. Gracious God, thy ways are inscrutable and past finding out! How foolish, how thoughtless, how insane, with such repeated admonitions, to be always unprepared for such dispensations!

March 2, Saturday. Invited to tea by Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay,² but declined. . . .

March 4. Heard from home of the continuation of my father-in-law's illness, so as to exclude my family from all society. . . .

March 7. Thursday morning left Charleston in company with General Pinckney to visit Savannah; reached that day the plantation of General Washington;³ dined and passed the day with this hospitable man, universally beloved throughout this country for his many virtues, his useful qualities, and his great benevolence. He has served his country during the last war, at the head of a regiment of horse, with great bravery and skill. He treated us with profusion and politeness, and with difficulty we left his house and his entreaties the next morning to progress on our journey. We rode the next day (Friday) to Mr. Price's, twenty-eight miles further; the succeeding day to Colonel Outhbert's, at Portogallico [Pocotaligo]. On Sunday evening at General Read's, the Declaration of Independence, who was residing in Charleston a few years before this. — EDS.

¹ Paul Hamilton, Governor of South Carolina, 1804–1806, and Secretary of the Navy, 1809–1813. He died in 1816. — EDS.

² David Ramsay (Coll. N. J. 1765), a prominent physician, and author of a History of South Carolina and of several other works which had a reputation in their day. He died in 1815. — EDS.

³ William Augustus Washington, a kinsman of President Washington's and a distinguished cavalry officer during the Revolutionary War. He was made a Brigadier-General in 1798. He died in 1810, aged fifty-eight. — EDS.

and on Monday at two o'clock we arrived in Savannah. Tuesday, the 12th, we passed in visiting the town, and dined with Mr. Thomas Gibbons,¹ and in the society of a very respectable circle of Federalists.

Savannah as a town is increasing, but it has no charms. It is a wooden town on a sand-heap. In walking their streets you labor as much as if you was wading through a snow-bank, with this difference only, — you must walk blindfolded, or your eyes will be put out. It resembles my ideas of the Arabian deserts in a hurricane. No lady walks the roads, and the inhabitants never with pleasure, excepting after a rain; the least breeze of wind moves in clouds the sand through every street, in such abundance and so deep it is that no pavements can be laid either in the centre or sides of the streets. It is bad enough in cold weather, but the citizens exclaim against it in warm. The road to Savannah is extremely fine, though a great sameness throughout. Not altogether pines, but oak, hickory, cypress, and birch, with other and various kinds that denote a good soil. The plantations of rice are upon all the rivers, and those of cotton at a small distance from the roads. They live entirely within themselves; many of them extremely well and hospitably.

On Wednesday morning a Mr. Mein [?] called upon me with a note from my friend Rutledge, took me in his curricie to his plantation about twelve miles upon the river; and on Thursday morning, after entertaining us liberally and very handsomely, took my friend Rutledge and myself in his barge over to Union Ferry on the Charleston side, where my horse and chaise was in waiting. Rutledge and myself immediately proceeded, and that evening arrived at Colonel Cuthbert's; the next day we reached the plantation of Colonel Shirvin, and on Saturday, at noon, arrived in Charleston after a pleasant tour of ten days.

The trees were most of them in blossom; and the redbud tree and the yellow jasmine were in great abundance in all the woods, and in all their beauty and fragrance. Most of the bushes and shrubs were evergreens, and interspersed with the wild laurel, the wild orange, and the magnolia tree. One great inconvenience is the distance you are obliged to travel from plantation to plantation, there being few or no taverns of consequence. I rode thirty miles many times, and in one instance forty, without feeding my horse. Their produce, in good seasons, is uncommonly profitable, — as much, in cotton, as three hundred dollars to a hand, and nearly so in rice. They will make thirty per cent upon the real value of their farms in a single season. The ravages and devastation of the late hurricane are beyond description. As you pass the country, especially towards Savannah, you see whole sections of the forest blown down, without a single tree standing. They dread the hurricane and the caterpillar as they would death.

¹ Thomas Gibbons was appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court for Georgia in 1801, but was probably not at this time on the bench. — Eds.

While at Georgia I received a letter from Mr. Desaussure announcing that letters had been received at Charleston mentioning the death of my respected father[-in-law], who, by every account, seems to have left the world without regret, without a single pain, without the least apprehension, and in full possession of his mind; conscious of having done his duty to his fellow-creatures through a long life of seventy-eight years, he resigned it with the strong sense of his own rectitude, and the fullest assurance that he had nothing to fear, but everything to hope for from the mercy and justice of his Maker. His calmness, his philosophy, his judgment, and his conduct during his sickness and his last moments evince a strength of mind and a fortitude which exceeds anything he ever manifested in his health and strength. I have no doubt he will meet the reward of uniform unshaken honesty and uprightness, of great affection and fidelity to his wife and children, and the best dispositions towards man.

Sunday. Dined with Madam Horry and Mr. Frederick Rutledge.

Monday, March 18, 1805. Dined at home with my family. . . .

Thursday. Dined with Mr. Ford; Friday, with Mr. Gabriel Manigault [Manigault]; and Saturday, with Mr. J. Rutledge.

Sunday, March 24. The last day I expect to pass in Charleston; dined with Mr. Desaussure. Received, March 23, an order in my behalf upon the bank at Philadelphia for one thousand dollars.

Monday, March 25. Set off in company with Mr. and Mrs. Desaussure to commence my journey to Boston by way of the Santee Canal. We rode the first day about thirty miles, to Mrs. Edwards's upon Cooper River, after sailing up to Clements's Ferry six miles in a pleasant boat, where we met our carriages, which we had sent on by land, and which had crossed the Cooper to Clements's.

Tuesday, 26th. We spent the day in riding up the canal and viewing the different locks, single and double; and being also so fortunate as to see three or four loaded and as many empty boats pass up and down. In the evening we arrived at the head of the canal at the house of a Mr. Arthropel, the head agent of the canal, placed there by the company. At present this canal is not productive, it having cost upwards of six hundred thousand dollars, and its income does not exceed one thousand dollars per month. It is, however, a growing property, and in future days, with prosperous crops, it must appreciate in value. It now sells at a discount of fifty per cent. It is a very handsome work, and reflects great honor upon the enterprise of the country. It unites the Santee with the Cooper River, and the work with the locks is well executed and durable. The boats will carry at a trip one hundred bags of cotton, and are drawn at the rate of four miles per the hour by a couple of mules driven by a negro on its banks. The canal has seven locks in twenty-one miles, and is higher than the bed of either river, in some places fifty feet, and at the entrance ten in common times. It is sup-

plied by springs and swamps, and one spring in particular, which we saw at a Mr. Maseek's, which was the finest fountain I ever saw. It came from its bottom; it was perfectly clear, and never affected by the severest droughts.

Wednesday the 27th. At the head of the canal we parted with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Desaussure; they for Charleston and we for Statesburg. We crossed the Santee very easily about one o'clock, and arrived at Bimbo's Inn, a clean and good one, about three. We here dined plentifully, and are now thinking of our friends and the changes of a season. I am this moment diverted from my book by the sight of Mrs. Mason giving bread to three tame domesticated deer, — animals perfect of their kind, and some of the most beautiful in creation. From Santee Canal to Manchester, at Mr. Pitts's, where we dined. A very bad road; five miles swamp and causeway, and though not covered with water, a much worse causeway than the Pedee Swamp. In freshets the water rises three and four feet over this whole causeway, so that it is denominated a long ferry. Changed my Henshaw horse for a horse belonging to Mr. Pitts, and gave him thirty-five dollars in addition. We lodged at Statesburg, a pretty town upon the high hills of Santee, resembling very much the different situations in New England. Some very rich planters of cotton reside in this neighborhood, and the climate is delightful, without yellow or intermittent fevers. We were politely invited to a dance and tea-party of about twenty couples, but declined.

Friday, March 29. Left Statesburg, and had rode but a little distance before we perceived that my horse Nicholson was very sick, and swelled very much. Continued riding, presuming it would heal and relieve him; but his swelling increased, and before we could reach a house he died in the road. As fine and as useful an animal as I ever saw or wished to own. This was occasioned by his overfeeding with corn the preceding night, and drinking a large quantity of water in the morning. Could we have drenched him with sassafras, or any other powerful medicine, we could have saved him; but it was my misfortune to travel at this moment through a country badly settled, and where you must, and we did, ride thirty miles without seeing a house. Through the great importunity of our friends we had taken this road, contrary to our own inclinations, with the design of seeing the Santee Canal. We resisted until we were afraid of giving offence, and finally accepted their offer with the assurance the road [was] equally near, and with better accommodations, all of which we found the reverse. The country generally through which you ride is bad and dreary, poverty-struck, uninhabited; and where there are people they live worse than their cattle, excepting a few independent planters holding slaves, and who live far from the road. Thirty-five miles from Statesburg, after crossing the creek of Lynch so called, we arrived at a miserable hut owned by a Mr. Price; he was eighty-five years of age, and had twenty-four children,

the youngest eight years of age. He had had two wives, and eleven of his children were in the house with him. They had land in plenty, without the necessaries of life; they were as dirty as the beasts, and had nothing to give us or anywhere to put us to make us comfortable. Their whole wardrobe was not worth one groat. It had one convenience; they never washed or exchanged it until worn out. We had tea, sugar, and biscuit of our own, which gave us a dish of tea, and with our bed-linen and a bedstead we passed the night without undressing, and with the help of our great-coats. You could have but one passion excited for this family, and that was pity. Had we gone the other way, we must have deviated from our road to have passed a day at Madam Horry's, and another at Major Pinckney's, both which was insisted upon; so that we were impelled to embrace the offer of Mr. Desaussure and visit the canal, when our first wishes were to take leave of our friends at Charleston and make the best of our way home. . . .

The road to Cheraw Bluff from Statesburg to Mrs. Wilson's very good, though through country poor indeed, and without settlements. This day we have rode thirty miles without refreshing our horses.

Saturday, March 31. Left Greenville, — the name of this long bluff, given in compliment to the late General Greene for his military services in this country, — and rode through a miserable country with a tolerable road, and finally arrived after dark to a miserable log-house by the name of Wilkes. But one room, two beds full of vermin, and not a single thing of any kind to eat or drink; six or seven children crying in the house, and two drunken Scotch neighbors, drinking, reeling, and smoking. Go further we could not; and as we had lately, though badly, dined, we concluded to close our carriage as much as possible, and pass the night in it. The weather was fortunately serene and mild. There were six of us in the carriage, and sleep we could not; the only hope was in daylight, that we could again move forward. After these drunken fellows had talked themselves asleep upon the floor, my family, not being able to stay longer in the coachee, alighted and threw themselves one and all upon a miserable bed in the same room, and sat with patience for an end of such unexpected sufferings. It was really a laughable sight to see persons seeking pleasure in such a hovel; giving up every comfort, flying from home, deserting their relations and friends, and travelling in a distant country for the purpose of finding this miserable abode, and then to be confined and cooped with the refuse of creation, drunk and beastly, deprived of the little understanding God gave to them. Fortunately for us the day at length appeared, and we moved on to the house of Mrs. William Fall, five miles nearer Fayette. The disposition, the cleanliness, and the exertions of this Scotch woman in a house by herself, were all employed in furnishing to us a breakfast that was refreshing, and peculiarly so to us who had been deprived of rest and exhausted for want of sleep. From this place we proceeded for

Fayette to the house of Mr. Shepard, where we dined, and considered ourselves once again in a country we were acquainted with.

Tuesday, April 2. Mrs. Smith's, twenty-one miles.

Thursday. Raleigh, Casco.

Friday. Took the stage in order to ease my horses, and rode this day, though rainy, fifty-nine miles to Warrenton. Was pleased with Mark Miatt's house; had a very good dinner provided, and the daughters of his house well-bred and civil. Before sunset reached our destined inn for the night; found that Johnston had left it, and it was filled by a man and wife every way qualified to make it one of the best in the country.

Saturday, April 6. Rode in the stage twenty-eight miles to breakfast,—Drummond's,—and in the evening reached Stark's. After dining plentifully, and I may say elegantly, at Mr. Ruffin's, our supper at Mr. Stark's was equal to our dinner, and the finest punch-bowl of fresh frothy milk in the centre of the table I ever saw. Around it were preserved peaches, quinces, gooseberries, and cherries. Meat of all kinds. This supper would have been a pretty, and, I am sure, a good one in either of the cities. We rode to Petersburg on Sunday, and in the evening were disturbed and frightened,—a set of Scotchmen, clerks and shop-boys, who had dined and passed the day at the tavern, and ended their frolic with gross inebriation, noise, and quarrels sufficient to disturb not only the house but neighborhood.

On Monday, April 8, we hired a coachee and rode to Richmond, and received letters both from Charleston and Boston, which gave us information and pleasure.

The following is a memorandum which Mr. Mason kept of his expenses on this journey:—

[Date.]	[Miles.]	[Innkeeper.]	
6	Dedham	9	Ames.
	Medfield	9	Clarke . . . Tolerable \$8.80
7	Bellingham	10	Holbrook . . . do. 0.10
	Mendon	7	Fuller.
	Uxbridge	6	Reed do. 0.75
	Turnpikes 0.75
	Thompson	9	Manchester . Very good 10.25
8	Pomfret	11	Sabin 0.50
	Ashford	11	Palmer 0.50
	Turnpikes 0.60
	Coventry	10	Brigham . . . Excellent 8.00
9	East Hartford	9	Woodbridge. 0.39
	Turnpikes 0.50
	Ferry	9 0.50
	Hartford	1	Lee Good 14.33
10	Worthington	11	Riley 0.25
	Meriden	6	Robinson 0.25
	Wallingford	7	Doolittle . . . The Child 0.55
	New Haven	10	Butler Excellent 27.00

[Date.]		[Miles.] [Innkeeper.]	
12	Monday.		
	Stratford	14	Lovejoy . . Good . . . \$0.25
	Bridge		Excellent . . . 0.90
	Turnpikes 0.58
	Fairfield	8	Penfield . . do. . . . 0.75
	Newfield	6	
	Norwalk	6	Stage-house. Good.
	Stamford	10	Davenport . Excellent . . 10.00
13	Rye	11	Pinfield . . do. . . . 1.25
			87.75
	16-Mile Stone	9 \$1.50
14	Wednesday. New York . .	16	Avery . . . Decent . . . 339.50
	Coachee 12.00
27	Tuesday.		
	Elizabeth Ferry	16 5.00
27	November.		
	Elizabethtown	2	Day's . . . Tolerable . . . 5.00
	Woodbridge	10	Brown's . . do. . . . 10.00
28	Wednesday.		
	Brunswick	10	Vernon 10.50
	Vantelbuck	15	Kingston 2.25
	Trenton	15	Sutton Herbett and Ferry. Good . 12.50
	Thursday		
	Bristol	10	Besonet . . . do. . . . 0.50
	Washington	10	Sign of 2.00
	Turnpikes 1.10
	Philadelphia	10	Mrs. Jones . Good . . . 175.00
	Extras 390.00
12	Wednesday.		
	Chester	15	Anderson . Good 3.00
	Wilmington	12	O'Flans . . Tolerable . . . 1.50
	Christiana	9	Shannon's . Excellent . . . 13.50
	Thursday.		
	Head of Elk	12	Richardson . Good 0.50
	Havre de Grace	16	Sears . . . Excellent . . . 14.90
	Friday.		
	Bushtown	12	Lighthouse . Good 0.50
	Red Lion	12	Wharff's . . Excellent . . . 3.00
	Baltimore	13	Evans's . . do. . . . 200.00
	Black Horse	22 Bad 2.50
	Ferry, five miles from Baltimore, rope 1.14
	Annapolis	10	Caton . . . Bad 36.00
	Washington	40	Stelles' . . Good 70.00
	Alexandria, over Ferry . .	11	Gadsby . . Good 44.00
5	January.		
	Colchester	16	Woodward . Good 4.51
	Dumfries	10	Williams . Good 14.67
6	Stafford Court House . . .	14 Ordinary . . . 2.50
	Fredericksburg	12	Estis . . . Bad enough . . . 14.33
7	Bowling Green	22 Excellent . . . 4.00
	J. Sutton	12 do. 10.97
8	Oakes	18 Tolerable . . . 2.00
	Richmond	16	Smoch's . . Good 185.00

[Date.]		[Miles.] [Innkeeper.]	
17	Thursday, January.		
	Half-Way House	11	Gregory . . . Tolerable . . . \$0.50
	Petersburg	14	Powell's . . . Good 32.00
18	Widow Kirby	13 Tolerable 0.50
	Mr. Stark's	16 Good 19.50
19	Ruffin's	15 Excellent 2.00
	Drummond's	15 Good 13.50
21	Eaton's Ferry	12 1.25
	Nicholson	8 So, so 2.00
	Warrenton	8	Johnston's . . Very decent . . 10.00
22	Hightowers	13 Bad 1.00
	Lonisburg	14	Greenhill's . . Bad—exces. . . . 9.00
23	Rogers'	19	Poor and proud. Four girls. . . 1.25
	Raleigh	13	By Hinton's Bridge. Tolerable. . 10.25
24	Mark Miatt's	16 Very poor, but civil. 1.00
	Cape Fear	20	Ferry at Averysborough 1.00
	Mrs. Smith	3 Excellent 9.00
25	Peyton's	10 Bad.
28	Fayetteville.	11	Pitman . . . Good for nothing . 35.00
			Baker's much better.
29	Wise	16 Decent 10.25
	Lumberton	18	Martin's . . . Not good 2.00
	Ferry, drawing C[oac]h	0 1.00
	Mrs. Rowland's	13 Decent 9.00
	Ford's, at Little Pedee	17 Bad 2.00
31	January.		
	Phillips	17 Miserable 8.00
	Port's on Great Pedee	10 do. 5.50
	Lynch's Creek and Ferry	5 2.00
1	Gasquil's	15 Good 9.00
	Black River Ferry	7½ 1.25
	Georgetown	13 Bad. Joseph . . 20.00
	Ferry 2.00
	North Santee Ferry	10 1.00
	South Santee Ferry	1 1.25
6	February.		
	Jones	11 2.00
	Jones	17 2.00
	Ferry	15 24.00
7	February.		
	Charleston	3 }
25	Mrs. Edwards's, [on] Cooper		} 800.00
	[River].	30	
26	Mr. Antapee's, Head of Canal	25 Lady's Plantation
27	Mr. Bimbo's	22 Company's Agent.
	Statesburg	37 Good 9.00
	Macon.	 Good 11.32
	Lynch's Creek	30 Miserable 1.00
	Price's	5 Miserable, — civil . 6.00
	Long or Cheraw Bluff	30	Mrs. Smith . . Or Greenville. Good 8.00
	Wilkes's	40 Most miserable . . 5.00
	Mrs. W. Fall's	5 2.00
	Fayetteville	25	Sheppard's 20.00



EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY